

This is a day sacred in the remembrance of New England. Old England, Old Ireland, Old Scotland, have all their Saint's days, when the banners of Saint George, Saint Patrick, Saint Andrew, are opened to the breeze. All these ancient lands have honorable and stirring associations for their children to hold as cherished treasures. But on this day, so sacred in the remembrance of New England, you call on the name of no canonized Saint. It is "Forefathers' day." Here, in the name, may we find an indication that we approach a new historic period—a fresh unfolding of the Divine Order in God's dealings with the nations. Of the Patron Saints of the old lands we have but indistinct traditions. The Forefathers of New England stand fairly revealed in the light of history, and we can trace their motives and their deeds. The St. George of "merrie England," the St. Patrick of my own Ireland, and the St. Andrew of "bonnie Scotland," stand too remote for any criticism on their person and character. Legend has its halo and its mist, and while the one lights up their excellencies, the other obscures their defects. The Fathers and Founders of New England lie more within the scope of our historic vision, and the angularities of their character have been criticised both by friend and foe. We see that they were men like ourselves, with human weaknesses; and though rising above their age in some respects were quite on a level with it in others.

This is a day deservedly sacred in the remembrance of New England. For it is the anniversary of that cold and wintry day on which the first Fathers and Founders of New England made their permanent landing on the rock of Plymouth. The remembrance of this event is one of